

The Mirror

OF

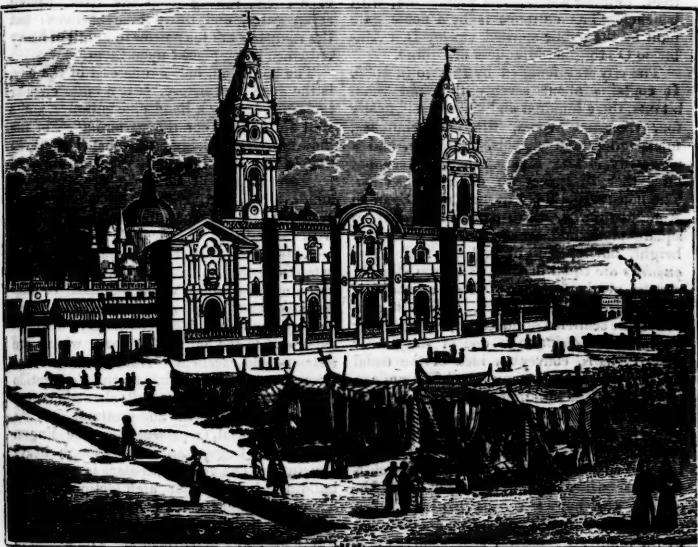
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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LIMA.



PALACE AND CATHEDRAL, IN THE GREAT SQUARE.

(From a Sketch, by a Correspondent.)

LIMA, the capital of the republic of Peru, formerly called *Ciudad de los Reyes*, (City of Kings,) stands on the river Rimac, from which its present name is derived by a corrupt pronunciation. It is situated about ten miles from the Pacific Ocean, about 700 feet above the level of the sea, and presents a beautiful appearance from Callao, its port. Its population, according to Caldcleugh, the traveller, was, in 1824, 70,000; according to Stewart, who visited Lima in 1829, it was but 50,000. The city has been repeatedly laid in ruins by earthquakes, more than twenty of which it has experienced since the year 1582. The most destructive were those in 1586, 1630, 1665, 1678, when a great part of the city was totally destroyed; those in 1687, 1746, when not more than twenty houses out of 3,000 were left standing, and of twenty-three ships in the harbour of Callao, nineteen were sunk; those in 1764, 1822, and 1828, the two latter of which were very destructive.

Vol. xxv.

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The date of our view of the city is subsequent to the earthquake in the year 1828; and, for descriptive details of a corresponding period, we refer to the *Memoirs of General Miller*, second edition, published in 1829.

The viceroyalty of Peru formerly comprehended the whole of the Spanish dominions in South America. Lima, its capital, was the centre of riches, influence, political intrigue, and dissipation. The elevation of the subordinate governments of Buenos Ayres and of New Granada to vice-regal rank diminished the consequence of Lima, but it still retained its court, and continued to be the favourite resort of the wealthy and the sensual. The city, ten miles in circumference, is built on the left bank of the Rimac, in a plain near the foot of some of the lower branches of the Andes. Viewed from the bay of Callao, its numerous domes and towers give to it an air decidedly oriental. The prospect at sunset is particularly interesting, for when twilight has already thrown the

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landscape of the plain into deep shade, the domes of the city are still gilded by the departing sun, and when these also become shrouded in darkness, the peaky summits of the mountains continue for some time to be illumined by his lingering beams. The approach from Callao is by a fine road, the last mile of which is shaded by four rows of lofty trees, forming a handsome promenade, with benches. The entrance is by a noble gate built by the public-spirited viceroy Don Ambrosio O'Higgins, Marquess of Osorno.

The city was founded by Pizarro in 1535. It contains about seventy thousand inhabitants, three hundred and sixty streets, nearly four thousand houses, fifty-four churches, monasteries, and chapels, a theatre, and a university. The Moorish aspect does not altogether disappear on closer inspection. The houses, like those in most other Spanish American towns, are disposed in *quadras*, or square plots, and are generally one story in height, having a light and flat roof. The *quadras* are equal in size, and form straight streets, nearly forty feet wide, intersecting each other at right angles. The best residences are scattered amidst houses of a meaner sort. The description of one of the former may, perhaps, convey an idea of the usual plan of a mansion in any Spanish American city. A single building sometimes occupies half a *quadra*. A line of dead wall, relieved by a lofty gateway, forms the street front, except when it is converted into shops, which have no communication with the inner court. In consequence of the frequency of earthquakes, the houses consist generally of a ground floor only. The apartments occupied by the family, the offices, coach-houses, and stabling, being in the same courtyard, which is divided in the centre by a suite of lofty and well-proportioned reception rooms, capable of being thrown into one by means of large folding doors, which are in themselves very handsome, the upper part consisting of splendid panes of plate glass enriched with highly burnished gilded mouldings. The windows are open to the ground, and are secured by iron bars wrought in a manner highly ornamental, and partially gilded. The centre suite of apartments commands a view through the gateway into the street. Some of the houses are of two stories, with a balcony round the upper floor, whilst the exterior fronts have large verandas, latticed in a fashion completely Moorish. The roofs are flat, and mostly formed with rafters made of canes tied five together, and covered with matting; others are built much stronger, and being paved with bricks, form an agreeable promenade.

A shallow stream of water, of two feet in width, runs through the centre of the principal streets, and contributes much to carrying off impurities. These miniature canals are

supplied by means of a dam placed across the Rimac, by which a portion of the water is diverted into them at some distance above the city. The streets are paved, but badly lighted, and are patrolled by watchmen, who vociferate "*Ave Maria purisima! viva la patria!*" and a serene, or cloudy sky.

The walls of the town describe four-fifths of a circle, resting upon the river, having seven gates, and thirty-three bastions; but the ramparts are too narrow to admit of heavy ordnance being placed upon them.

The pantheon, half a mile east of the city, is the general cemetery. It is a large circular inclosure, having a handsome entrance, and a well built chapel for the performance of the burial service. Behind the chapel are seven double tiers of brick-work, divided into compartments, each of sufficient dimensions to admit a full-sized coffin, and which, when occupied, is closed at the end, and a tablet with the name of the deceased recorded on it.

A stone bridge over the Rimac leads to the extensive suburb of San Lazaro, at the eastern extremity of which is a fine alameda, or public walk, above half a mile in length, overlooking the river. This conducts to the bull-ring, and to the baths of Antaza, which are spacious and excellent. Not a great distance from thence, and leading to the Conventillo de los Descalzos, is a small alameda, ornamented with fountains and grottoes.

The cathedral, (represented in the Engraving,) is a large, handsome, though heavy structure. The viceregal palace is a spacious building, but without architectural merit. There are inner courts, around which are offices for the treasury, and ministers of the war and home departments. The ascent to the state rooms is from the west front of the palace, by a grand marble staircase. The most interesting ornaments of these apartments are original portraits of forty-four viceroys who governed Peru, from Pizarro down to Pezuela.

The palace and cathedral occupy the northern and eastern sides of the plaza, or great square; the town-house and gaol, together with spacious houses consisting of two stories, ornamented by an arcade, complete the quadrangle. Shops and stalls are placed under the arcade. In the centre of the square is (or was) a handsome fountain, with bronze figures round the reservoir. In the evening, numbers of persons assemble in front of the arcades, to regale themselves with ices, orgat, lemonade, sweetmeats, &c. The proprietors of the adjoining coffee-houses place benches and chairs for general accommodation, and many people remain thus in the open air until midnight. The theatre is a well arranged and neat building.

The amphitheatre, in which the bull-fights are held, is the best constructed and most convenient place of public amusement in

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Lima. The exterior wall is a circus of about half a mile in circumference: three tiers of boxes inclose an uncovered arena. Above the ground tier, and in front of the middle one, which recedes, ten or twelve rows of benches are placed, which slope from the front of the boxes to the extreme edge of the roof of the lower tier. The seats accommodate ten thousand spectators, and, whenever this favourite diversion takes place, are crowded as well with beauty and rank as with the motley and variously tinged populace. In the centre of the arena is an escapade, composed of two rows of strong palisades, intersecting so as to form a cross. The stakes are wide enough apart to allow a man to pass between them.

FOUNTAINS ABBEY.*—HENRY JENKINS.

"I do love these ancient ruins—
We never tread upon them, but we set
Our feet upon some reverend history."

Old Poet.

THE ruins of Fountains Abbey are, certainly, the grandest and most beautiful, except, perhaps, those of Glastonbury, that this kingdom can produce. This Abbey was founded by Richard Thurstan, archbishop of York, in the year 1132, for monks of the Cistercian order. It was built with stone taken from the rocks in the adjoining hill. The fabric was begun about the year 1204, by John de Ebor, the abbot, who laid the foundation, and raised some pillars; John Pherd, the next abbot, carried on the work with the utmost expedition; John de Cancia, his successor, finished the structure, and instituted nine altars therein, adding the painted pavement, and building the new cloister, the infirmary, and the house for entertainment of the poor. In the aisle of the easternmost transverse part of the church, were many columns of black marble, with white spots; in the chapter and refectory were pillars of the same kind. This John de Cancia died in the year 1245; whence it appears that the Abbey was erected in less than forty years. Marmaduke Brodela, or Bradley, the last abbot, surrendered the Abbey in the year 1540, and had a pension of 100*l.* allowed him. Its revenues then amounted, according to Dugdale, to 998*l.*; and, according to Speed, to 1,073*l.* 0*s.* 7½*d.*

The length of the church, from east to west, is 351 feet. The transept is 186 feet wide.

Before the high altar, probably under the painted pavement, Henry, first Lord Percy, of Alawick, was interred, in the year 1315.

On the left side of this altar, carved upon the wall, is the figure of an angel, holding a scroll, on which is the date 1285.

Behind the altar is the circumambulatory, 132 feet long, and 36 feet broad.

The Chapter House is 84 feet by 42: it was once a rectangular room, supported by two rows of pillars.

In the year 1790 and 1791, this room was cleared of the rubbish with which it was covered, when a painted pavement was discovered, broken and disfigured in many places; here also were found thirteen of the abbots' grave-stones, most of which were broken and defaced, having had the brass plates and other ornaments, with which they were inlaid, torn away, so that the two following inscriptions only remained legible:

Hic Requiescat Dominus Johannes,
x. Abbas de Fontibus,
Qui Obiit viii. Die Decembris.

This tenth abbot, John, was created abbot in the year 1203, and died about 1209; as John Pherd, the eleventh abbot, succeeded to the abbacy in that year. On opening the above grave, nothing was found except a scull and a thigh bone.

Second Inscription.

Hic Requiescat Dominus Johannes,
xii. Abbas de Fontibus.

This was John de Cancia (of Kent) who was created in 1219, and died in 1245.

The coffins were of stone, covered with two courses of slates, well cemented together; these covers being not above eighteen inches below the pavement. The grave-stones, which are of grey marble mixed with spar, are raised some inches above the pavement; they are six feet in length, two feet broad, at the head, and eighteen inches at the feet. Over the Chapter House, was the Library and Scriptorium, where the monks used to write.

The Refectory, or dining-room, is 108 feet by 45; on one side thereof is the reading gallery; for a portion of scripture was always read to the monks during meals. In the front of this gallery is a very neat console, in the form of an expanded flower.

The Cloisters are a vast extent of straight vault, 300 feet long, and 42 broad; divided lengthways, by nineteen pillars, and 20 arches; each pillar divides into eight ribs, at the top, which diverge and intersect each other on the roof, in the most curious manner. Here is a large stone basin, the remains of a spouting fountain.

The Dormitory, or sleeping-room, is of the same dimensions as the cloisters. This place contained 40 cells.

The Cloister Garden is 126 feet square, inclosed with a high wall, and planted with evergreens. This garden probably retains more of its original form, than any other part of the ruins.

Over a window, on the west side of the steeple, is the figure of a thrush, standing on a tun: this is a rebus allusive to the name of the founder—Thurstan, archbishop of York.

* See also Mirror, vol. xii. p. 358.

On each side of the steeple, the following inscriptions remain legible :

On the East Side.

Soli Deo Jhu. xto. Honor et
Glia. in scia. scior.

West Side.

Agno. Dei Jhu. xto. Honor et Glia,
In scia. scior.

North Side.

Et virtus et fortitudo Deo nostro in se-
cula seculorum, Amen.
Soli Deo Honor et Glia. in secula seculorum.

South Side.

Soli Deo Honor et Glia. in secula
seculorum, Amen.

Besides the large ruins, here and there are seen, in various parts, amongst the trees and bushes, detached fragments, once the appendages of this great house.

On the south side of the Abbey, stand seven yew trees, all growing except the largest, which was blown down many years ago. The circumference of the trunk of one of them, is 26 feet 6 inches, about three feet from the ground. They all stand so near each other, as to make an excellent cover, almost equal to that of a thatched roof. Under these trees, we are told by tradition, the monks resided till they built the monastery; which seems to be very probable, if we consider how little a yew tree increases in a year, and to what bulk these are grown. And, as the hill-side was covered with wood, which is now almost all cut down, except these trees; it seems as if they were left standing to perpetuate the memory of the monks' habitation there during the first winter of their residence.

The Abbey, with its appendages, when complete, covered twelve acres of ground; two of which are occupied by the present ruins.

Two hundred yards west of the Abbey, stands Fountains Hall, which was built with the ruins of that religious house by Sir Stephen Proctor, one of the esquires to James I.

On the 1st of May, 1540, King Henry VIII. granted, by letters patent, to Sir Richard Gresham and his heirs, the dissolved monastery of Fountains, with about 543 acres of land, and all the liberties and privileges thereto belonging.

In the year 1596, William Gresham, Esq. sold this estate to Stephen Proctor, of War-sall, for 4,500*l.*; from whose heirs it passed by purchase, in the year 622, to Sir Timothy Whittingham, of Holmside, in the county of Durham, Knt., for 3,595*l.*; who sold the same, in the year 1625, to Humphrey Wharton, of Gillingwood, Esq., for 3,500*l.*; of whom it was purchased, in the year 1627, by Richard Ewers, of South Cowton, in the county of York, for 4,000*l.*; whose daughter, and sole heiress, Eliza, married John Messenger, Esq., of Newsham. The estate re-

mained in the Messenger family till the year 1767, when John Michael Messenger, Esq. sold it to William Aislabie, Esq., of Studley, for 18,000*l.*

John, the eldest son of Captain Messenger, was made secretary to the queen of Charles I., which post he held till his death, in the year 1668; he lies buried in the church of Saint Eustace, in Paris.

Before we take leave of Fountains Abbey, it may not be uninteresting to mention Henry Jenkins, that remarkable instance of longevity, who was often at this Abbey during the residence of the last abbot. Bishop Lyttleton communicated to the Society of Antiquarians, Dec. 11, 1766, a paper, copied from an old household book of Sir Richard Graham, Bart., of Norton Conyers; the writer of which says, that upon his going to live at Bolton, Jenkins was said to be about 150 years old; and he had often examined him in his sister's kitchen, where he came for alms, and found facts in chronicles agree with his account: he was then 162 or 163. He said he was sent to North-Allerton with a horse-load of arrows for the battle of Flodden Field, with which a bigger boy went forward to the army, under the Earl of Surrey, King Henry VIII. being at Tournay; and he believed himself then eleven or twelve years old. This was in 1513, and four or five people, of the same parish, said to be 100, or near it, declared Jenkins to have been an old man ever since they knew him. He gave evidence in court to six score years, in a tithe cause, 1667, between the Vicar of Catterick and William and Peter Mawbank; wherein he deposed that the tithes of wool, lamb, &c., mentioned in the interrogatories, were the Vicar's, and had been paid, to his knowledge, 120 years, or more. The writer was present at another cause between Mr. Hawes and Mr. Wastel of Ellerton, when Jenkins gave evidence to 120 years. The judge asking him how he lived, he said by thatching and salmon-fishing; that he was thatching a house when served with a subpoena in the cause; and would dub a hook with any man in Yorkshire. The writer went to see him at Ellerton-upon-Swale, and met him carrying a pitcher of water upon his head: he told him he remembered the Dissolution, and that great lamentation was made: that he had been butler to Lord Conyers, of Horaby Castle; and that Marmaduke Brodely, lord abbot of Fountains, did frequently visit his lord, and drink a hearty glass with him; and that his lord often sent him to inquire how the abbot did, who always sent for him to his lodgings; and after ceremonies, as he called it, passed, ordered him, besides wassel, a quarter of a yard of roast beef, for his dinner, (for that the monasteries did deliver their guests meat by measure,) and a great black jack of strong drink.

A view of this venerable abbey, by moonlight, has been exhibiting for some time past at the Diorama in the Regent's Park.

C. H.

Anecdote Gallery.

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

WHEN the late Mr. Dufiel, well known by his *Nature Displayed in her Mode of Teaching Languages to Man*, his *Dictionary*, and other works, first became an instructor to some near relations of the writer, on his own system, of his own tongue, he took infinite pains to make his pupils believe that it was the easiest study in the world. After some months had passed, he said: "I do think the French language the most difficult of any on the face of the earth." His pupils were astonished at this admission, as well they might be, and inquired if he were serious, well remembering, amongst other inducements held forth in *Nature Displayed*, the promise he gave of imparting, by his system, a perfect knowledge of the French tongue in a certain number of lessons. Dufiel was a kind-hearted, good-natured man, and not caring perhaps, for being made to eat his own words, replied to the following effect;—and to his reply, full of honour and candour, we would beg to call the attention of every teacher and learner of the French language, because it expresses the sentiments of an acute philologist, whose voluminous and elaborate works sufficiently attest his intimate acquaintance with the subject in question:—"I do not hesitate to assert that French is the most difficult and unattainable language in the universe: the copiousness, the variable and often arbitrary terminations of its verbs, would alone render it so; but when we reflect that there are myriads of phrases in which the same verbs bear a totally different sense from their original direct one, and when we consider also, that French is a language of idioms, of delicate niceties,—that it is a colloquial, living tongue, and that fresh words and phrases, and new combinations of old words and phrases, are constantly being added to it, more than to any other language in the world, whilst words and phrases, fashionable one day, become vulgar and obsolete the next,—when we consider these, and many other peculiarities which I could name,—these uncertainties,—these fluctuations, are the things, we perceive, which render French more difficult to, and unattainable by, a foreigner, than any other language under Heaven; for the written tongue is no guide to that used for the general purposes of oral communication."

M. L. B.

THE VALUE OF ENGLISH-FRENCH IN FRANCE.

(From the Letter of an Officer.)

ONE day, after we had been obliged by stress of weather to put into L'Orient, my companions and self patronized a French auberge, and were beginning to make ourselves comfortable, when in marched two outlandish-looking gens d'armes, who jabbered away for some time civilly enough, until, finding us speechless from stupidity or contempt, they got heated, and, at last, outrageous. As none of us, but myself, pretended to any knowledge of French, and I was rather vain of the progress I had made during two months (!) tuition under Professor G—, I undertook to appease the angry soldiers, and mustering to my aid all my little store of what I sincerely believed to be genuine French, had scarcely uttered two words, ere I was assailed by the humbling "N'entends pas's" of my auditors. But matters were at a height which required decisive and summary measures to settle them; so conceiving that I had as good a right to be angry about nothing as our strange visitors, I told them wrathfully, in plain, straight-forward English, that we were British subjects upon whom they had obtruded themselves, and that, if they "didn't be off instantly," (pointing to the door,) "we would show them the way." Upon this, the fellows chattered faster, and more unintelligibly than ever; but when some of us rose to put the threat of turning them out of the room into execution, they made us a profound bow, and departed. We now believed that the gens d'armes had caught our meaning, and congratulated ourselves upon speaking a language at last, which they did understand; but afterwards learned, that our ignorance, to say nothing of my own indiscreet warmth, might have involved us in very unpleasant consequences; for, these men, employed by the Government to take cognizance of our persons and property, intended, but were prevented by the representations of our landlady, to have returned with a strong force, and committed us to the secure keeping of the guard-room. Since this adventure, I have been put very properly out of conceit with my smattering knowledge of French; but must observe in extenuation of my profound ignorance, that had I been a complete Parisian, I should probably not have understood, or made myself understood, at L'Orient; the provincial patois of Brittany being quite another language to the French of the capital.

H. C. R.

FRENCH-ENGLISH.

A FRENCH gentleman was one day caressing a dog, when an English friend remarked that he seemed very fond of it:—"Y-a-a-s," answered Monsieur, "I am; for *dis* dog, he brings to my recollection, my own ver pretty

little dog at 'ome."—"You love dogs then?"—"O y-a-a-s! I love de dogs, and de cats, de 'osses, and de asses; and, in sort, I do love every ting dat is—*beastly*."

This anecdote is strictly true, and the poor French gentleman's singular mistake, caused rather an unpolite degree of mirth and amusement. M. L. B.

Antiquariana.

BRITISH MUMMIES.

MR. J. H. PAYNE, of Bury, Suffolk, has in his possession some of the cummin-seed found in coffins lately uncovered at Wymondham Abbey, which, although it has lain with the embalmed body for several centuries, is, to all appearance, perfectly sound, and will be sown for the purpose of ascertaining whether the vital principle remains. The circumstances of this discovery were as follow:—In consequence of the numerous interments which have of late years taken place at Wymondham, it became necessary to enlarge the churchyard; and a piece of ground at the east end of the present church, including the site of the original choir, was granted for that purpose by the vicar, the Rev. William Papillion. In levelling this ground, the labourers, on the 23rd of December, 1833, came upon a flagstone, covering a brick grave, which was found to contain two leaden cases; the largest, six feet two inches long; the other, which was placed at its head, measuring only sixteen inches and a quarter. On the 27th, the cases were opened in the presence of the ministers, churchwardens, the medical gentlemen of the town, Mr. John Dalrymple, (who conducted the examination,) and other gentlemen, to the number of about sixty. On turning over the lead of the larger one, the body appeared in the form of a mummy, covered with a thin, light-brown composition, of a mineral and vegetable nature, which readily fell off in flakes. The cere-cloth next appeared, secured round the body with cord. The gentlemen who undertook to develop the body, began at the chest, and opened the cere-cloth downwards with considerable difficulty; the whole of this part was in a semi-fluid state. A fine set of young teeth were exhibited; the hair, probably originally auburn, had a reddish tinge, and from its being found folded on the right side of the head, the medical gentlemen were of opinion that it had been detached prior to interment. On opening the small case and cere-cloth, a rich perfume issued from the inclosure, arising from its being filled with cummin-seed. After removing a considerable quantity of this seed, a further envelope was discovered, in which, amongst salt, cummin, coriander, and other seeds, and fragments of odoriferous wood, was found a fœtus of about the fourth month. No traces

were discovered of any ornament or mark to fix the period of interment, but from the care bestowed on the remains, they are evidently those of a lady of high rank, and it has even been conjectured, from their being found in the choir, which was under the especial care of the religious, that they may have been those of Maud, wife of William de Albany, the founder of the Abbey, who died in the year 1121, and was interred at the foot of the high altar. Since the above discovery, it has been resolved to dig over the whole choir, and several other bodies have been discovered in a similar state of preservation.

GUNPOWDER USED IN MINING.

At the siege of Malaga, about A.D. 1488-9, by Ferdinand and Isabella, an able engineer, Don Francisco Ramirez de Madrid, the commander-in-chief of the Spanish artillery, excavated a mine beneath a formidable tower, which opposed his passage over a bridge, and placed a piece of ordnance with its mouth upwards, immediately under the foundation, with a train of gunpowder to produce an explosion. At a subsequent period of the Battle of the Bridge, this concealed piece was discharged, which tore open the earth, threw down part of the tower, slew several Moors, and put to flight several more, who were terrified at the subterranean explosion of flames, smoke, &c., having never before beheld such a stratagem in warfare. Spanish historians assert this to be the first instance on record of the use of gunpowder in mining; and Francisco Ramirez was afterwards knighted by Ferdinand in the tower he had gained, for this valiant and skilful exploit.—*Irring's Conquest of Granada.*

ARROWS.

An arrow weighing from twenty to twenty-four pennyweights, made of yew, was considered by archers the best that could be used. The feathers of a goose should be used, and the bird from which they are taken should be two or three years old. Arrows were usually reckoned by sheaves, and a sheaf consisted of twenty-four. Some opinion of the strength of an arrow in full flight may be formed from the account given by Edward VI. in his Journal. He observes that one hundred archers shot arrows each before him, and afterwards altogether; that they shot at an inch board, and that some pierced it through and through with the heads of their arrows.—*Field Book.*

BLACK SILK STOCKINGS.

LADIES wore white stockings even in mourning, as late as the year 1778. Mrs. Damer, the eccentric and celebrated sculptor, is said to have been the first female who wore black

silk stockings in England; which circumstance, combined with other peculiar habits, obtained for her the epithet of "Epicurean," in the newspaper epigrams of the day.—*Planché's History of British Costume.*

ON THE DEATHS OF SOME EMINENT PERSONS OF MODERN TIMES.

[At the College of Physicians, at the first meeting for the season, a paper was read by Sir Henry Hallford, the President, on the deaths of some eminent persons of modern times. In the *Medical Gazette*, whence we extract the Report, its language is stated to be classical, and the delivery to have been excellent.]

The learned President began his narrative by some remarks upon the monarch in whose reign the College was founded, referring to the pictures of Holbein in illustration of KING HENRY's manly beauty, and to the remains of him which he had seen in his coffin, and to his large arm-chair at Windsor, in proof of his stature. The state of his health in more advanced life, when he became corpulent and unwieldy, made Henry the Eighth a great dabbler in medicine; in fact, he not only prescribed, as opportunity occurred, but compounded the drugs himself, as appears by a volume in the British Museum, containing a large collection of the royal *recipes*. The monarch, however, could not avert from himself the evils of mortality, and died at the age of 56, dropsical, and covered with sores.

To WOLSEY, the King gave some excellent instructions how to avoid the sweating sickness; but the Cardinal, who escaped that epidemic, died of a malady which the royal physician might more easily have prevented—had he chosen—a broken heart, to which was added in his last hours an attack of dysentery. The Earl of Shrewsbury, at whose house he had been on his road from Yorkshire, encouraged his distinguished guest to think more favourably of his health; but the Cardinal, in reply to his cheering speeches, assured the Earl that he could not live,—discussing learnedly about his ailment, which he said within eight days, if there were no change, would necessarily produce "excoriation of the entrails, or delirium, or death." This was on the eighth day, when he confidently expected his death, and expired after the clock had struck eight, according to his own prediction—"the very hour (says Shakespeare,) himself foretold would be his last."

EDWARD THE SIXTH was carried off by disease of the lungs, having had measles, as well as small-pox, the preceding year, which left an obstinate cough behind. He was put under the care of an ignorant woman by the Earl of Northumberland, by whose treatment his end seems to have been much

accelerated. Sir Henry paid a high tribute to the memory of this intelligent and amiable young king, whose bodily powers bore no proportion to the extraordinary energies of his mind; in this respect reminding the learned author of many examples he has met with, wherein ill health in young persons has led to great powers of reflection, the precocity of their intellectual development, "compensating them for the brevity of their earthly existence."

MARY inherited a delicate constitution from her mother. The peculiarities of her sex being irregular, and requiring frequent medical treatment, bleeding very frequently repeated, and horse exercise, seem chiefly to have been trusted to. After her marriage, the symptoms were referred to pregnancy; but she became pale and exsanguine, and at length died of dropsy.

OLIVER CROMWELL, in his last illness, one morning asked a physician who had sat up with him why he looked so sad; and being answered, that it became any one to look grave who had the care of his life to answer for, immediately replied—"Ye physicians think I shall die: I tell you I shall not die this time; I am sure of it. Do not think I am mad; I speak the words of truth upon surer grounds than your Galen or Hippocrates furnish you with. God Almighty himself hath given that answer." Under this confident expectation of recovering, Cromwell allowed himself to be removed from Hampton Court to London. On the following day he became worse, grew lethargic, then delirious, and died September 3, 1658. The spleen was much diseased, and filled with matter "like lees of oil." It is difficult, continued Sir Henry, to read the history of this period without entertaining a strong suspicion that Cromwell used those solemn aspirations—that affected intercourse with the Almighty—hypocritically, and with political views. Archbishop Tillotson has remarked, that the above is a specimen of that enthusiasm which superseded hypocrisy with Cromwell; but in modern days, when we meet with such allegations in our intercourse with patients, and find them influencing their conduct, "we think ourselves justified in applying to the Lord Chancellor for a writ de lunatico inquirendo."

KING CHARLES II. (according to the account of his physician, Sir C. Scarborough,) had just risen from his bed when he experienced an unusual sensation in his head; shortly after which he fell down speechless, and without the power of motion. An army surgeon, who happened to be at hand, bled him to the extent of 16 ounces; after which, on the arrival of the royal physician, his Majesty was cupped, and other remedies used—such as an emetic, purgatives, &c.; but he expired on the fourth day. "Had

there been safety in a multitude of councilors, the king's life must have been preserved; for, (added Sir Henry,) I perceive the signatures of not less than fourteen physicians to one of the prescriptions." Among the remedies prescribed when he was sinking, was the *spiritus cranii humani*, 25 drops; which certainly has been improved upon in our modern preparations of ammonia. The learned Baronet here mentioned that he had lately seen a prescription in which a portion of the human skull was ordered, in a powder, for Sir Nicholas Throckmorton. It was dug out of the ruins of a house, in Duke-street, Westminster, which had belonged to Oliver Cromwell's apothecary. On examining King Charles's head, a copious effusion of lymph was found in the ventricles and at the base of the cranium; from which Sir Henry is disposed to think, that he might have been still farther bled with advantage; adding, that the result of his experience had convinced him, that, if large depletion be not adopted in the first instance, every thing else attempted afterwards will be unavailing. It is quite evident, from Sir Henry's account, that Charles II. died of apoplexy, and, consequently that his indifference to the solicitations of those about him, on religious matters, can only, with charity, be attributed to the effects of his disease.

KING WILLIAM, the Prince of Orange, had a weak frame, and was asthmatic, with a constant cough. He died, at length, of an enormous secretion into the lungs, which first embarrassed, and ultimately prevented, respiration. The lungs were adherent to the pleura costalis, and a fall from his horse, which he had shortly before met with in Hampton Court Park, and by which he had broken his collar-bone, had detached a portion of the adhesion, and excited inflammation.

MARY, the consort of William, died of small-pox; and it is remarkable that Bishop Burnet blames Dr. Radcliffe in rather harsh terms, for his treatment of her case. The learned prelate mentions that Marshal Schomberg advised him never to give an opinion upon a military subject; and "I wish (said Sir Henry) that he had received similar counsel from a physician, and had abstained from remarking on medical affairs." The censure of the Bishop seems to have been quite uncalled for.

DRYDEN died of ossification of the arteries of the extremities, such as produces mortification. His body "lay in state, in the College of Physicians, during ten days, and was then conveyed to Westminster Abbey with great ceremony."

The disease which occasioned DEAN SWIFT to expire "a driveller and a shrew," was of a paralytic nature; to which circumstance Sir

Henry is inclined to attribute that aberration, not to say depravity of mind, which have excited so much scandal.

"Now I believe," said he, "this irritability was bodily disease; and so far from considering the unsocial and untoward mind as influencing the body to its detriment, I would contend that the corporal distemper was the cause of the perverse and unhappy state of the mind; that Swift's irritability was of that peculiar nature which accompanies palsy, the seat of which generally is in the brain. Swift was in the habit of suffering severe attacks of headach, and of dizziness, and occasional deafness, when young, even so early in his life as during his sojournment with Sir William Temple. In process of time there ensued that plethoric state of the vessels of the brain which required frequent cupping; and, at length, the obstruction became so great as to occasion an effusion of water into the ventricles, and the loss of his faculties by apoplectic pressure. This appeared on examination of the head after death. No doubt this effusion had been preceded by inflammation of the membranes of the brain, and by phrensy. Under these attacks of inflammation and phrensy, he dealt forth his angry denunciations largely; and probably it was in one of these unhappy moments that he composed the epitaph so injudiciously inscribed on his tombstone in St. Patrick's Cathedral."

KING GEORGE I. died of apoplexy; GEORGE II. of rupture of the right ventricle of the heart.

On the affliction which attended the latter years of GEORGE III., Sir Henry did not dilate. One of his latest hours of rational life was employed in dictating a letter to the Princess Amelia, which he committed to the charge of Sir Henry Halford. It was to express his satisfaction that she had received the sacrament, and sought for comfort in religion. The Princess died within two days afterwards, and her august father was deprived of his reason.

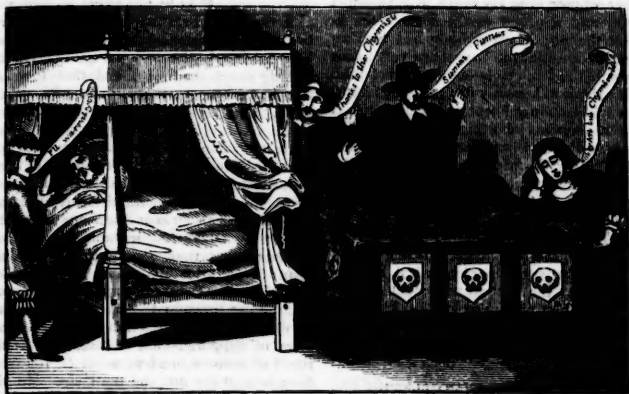
Of the last member of the royal family who has departed this life, Sir Henry spoke in the following terms:—

"A kindred spirit to that of King George III. has lately left us, and has been received, we humbly hope, into the mansions of the blessed.

"THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER's disease was seated in the liver, and involved the stomach in so much irritability as incapacitated it for receiving the smallest supply of nourishment. His powers failed therefore, and were unequal to the completion of those processes by which his enfeebled constitution attempted in vain to disengage itself from the malady, and to terminate it.

"As the brain was not affected, his mind was left at liberty to indulge its natural pro-

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(Death of James I., from a rare old Print.)

pensity to look into futurity, and to anticipate the fatal issue of the struggle of the body with the disease. With a hope, then, full of immortality, and with an entire confidence in the promises of the Gospel, the Duke easily detached himself from this world, and desired to begin the life to come. Never, in all my converse with the dying, did I remark more calm resignation, or a warmer piety. The pain of separation was theirs only who hung over his sick bed; to every one of whom, and to those also who were dear to him at a distance, he bequeathed his blessing, leaving to us all the rich inheritance of his example.

"Upon the Duke of Gloucester's merit as a soldier, it becomes not me to descant; but as a specimen of that bravery which belongs so remarkably to the House of Brunswick, (I have it from the highest authority,) that when the brigade which he commanded in Holland, in the revolutionary war, was drawn up before the enemy, and could not restrain its fire until it might be given with the best effect, the Duke, that he might prevent it, stepped forth before his soldiers, and interposing himself between his own troops and the enemy, walked deliberately between the two armies.

"Of his conduct in civil life, let the University of Cambridge bear testimony to the prudence and to the spirit with which he defended its privileges in Parliament as its Chancellor. His memory will be cherished by that learned body long, I am persuaded, and with a most respectful attachment.

"His private virtues, which gave a dignity and a grace to his interior and domestic habits, were manifested by the steadiness of his personal friendship, by his humane care

of the poor in the neighbourhood of his residence, and by his patronage and protection of a thousand charitable institutions; and were recognised and assured by the manner of his departure from life—for, in the spirit of his prayers, 'he died the death of the righteous, and his last end was like theirs.' "

[As a curious appendage to this very interesting paper, we subjoin an illustrated memorandum of the death of James I., which event the learned President has not noticed. The Engraving is "from a rare print, by Hollar, in the collection of William Beckford, Esq.," and, for its introduction, we are indebted to a splendidly illustrated edition of Pennant's *London*, in the possession of our esteemed Correspondent, P. T. W. Beneath the original Engraving are the following explanatory details:—]

Many writers have asserted that Henry, Prince of Wales, eldest son of James I., was poisoned; and that the King was privy to the act. Certain it is, that at the trial of Carr, Earl of Somerset, James was so fearful of the Earl's speaking of that circumstance, that two persons were provided to stand behind him with a cloak, and the moment he should utter anything reflecting on the King, he was to have been muffled therein, and hurried away: and though James most solemnly vowed to show no favour to any person that should be found guilty of Overbury's death, yet, on the conviction of the Earl and his lady, he was pleased to grant them a lease of their lives for ninety-nine years. If he was in any way accessory to the Prince's death, he seems to have experienced the law of retaliation in a singular manner; as a violent suspicion fell on the Duke of Buckingham, and the Countess his

mother, of procuring his death by a poisoned plaster, and a posset of the Duke's preparation: the physicians who opened him reported his intestines to have been very much discoloured and his body extremely distorted. Buckingham was greatly declining in favour, and would certainly have been called to account if James had lived, for advising the journey of Prince Charles into Spain. In the year 1628, Dr. Lamb, an empiric, and supposed necromancer, a great favourite of Buckingham's, was killed in the streets of London by the mob, who hated him as much for his own sake as the duke's.

[By way of note is added, "It is certainly Dr. Lamb, who is standing by the bed, holding the bottle, as the portrait very much resembles that of him published by Mr. Thane."]

New Books.

VOYAGE OF THE CHANTICLEER.

(Concluded from page 124.)

The Whale and her Cub.

In one of our trips on shore I had an opportunity of examining the mother and cub of the *balena australis*, or the whale of these seas. The cub, which was not yeaned, was twenty-one feet long, and twelve feet in circumference. The head was small, and the eye extremely so, placed as it is low and near the angle of the jaw. It has two nostrils or breathing-holes on the summit of the head, and two flippers, which are broad and large, placed anteriorly. Its tail is broad, spreading in a horizontal direction, having in it two perfect thigh-bones, articulated in hip-like sockets; a surprising conformity of structure to that of the lower extremities of quadrupeds. The outer skin is smooth and polished, it is very thin and jet black. There appeared to be a great analogy in its general structure to that of seals.

In the old whale was a vast mass of subcutaneous fat or blubber, about three or four feet in thickness, which we saw cut up into huge blocks and boiled down in a large cauldron. A full-grown whale, we were told, would yield two hundred gallons of oil, and six hundred weight of whalebone. The flesh of the whale is exceedingly dark coloured and coarse, but is considered by the slaves in this part of the world as a luxury, as well as the rich blubber, and is frequently eaten by them. After the oil is extracted by boiling, the shreds of membranes in the blubber supply sufficient fuel for boiling the succeeding portion; and the black cinders formed by it are the best specimens of animal charcoal I have ever seen. It abounds with soda, from which it derives a saponaceous and strongly detergent quality, and is considered by sailors as the best material for extracting the grease from their ships' deck.

Bees at the Cape.

A swarm of bees had attached themselves to the parlour window, occupying the space between the shutter and the glass. On inquiring about them, I found that they had taken a liking to the situation for several years, and always persisted in swarming there, although repeatedly driven away. After the fear of being stung by them was got over, I contemplated the labours of these little creatures with much pleasure, and they frequently afterwards occupied my attention. They are much smaller than our bees, and appear to be far less irritable, and I was informed that they work during the whole year. They kept the house well supplied with honey, the comb being taken away about eight times in the course of the year, or about every six weeks. The hexagonal form of their cells did not seem to be the result of pressure, and were all of the same form both at the top and the sides. In the course of my observations of them, I frequently saw them removing a portion of wax from one part of the comb to another.

Large Horns.

The horns of cattle, of the Cape in general, are very large, being equal in size to those of the Abyssinian ox. I have frequently seen them a yard in length, and six or seven inches in diameter at the base: they are said to be capable of holding four or five gallons of water, and even to contain a bushel of corn, but I never tried the experiment. At all events, they might well be considered there as the veritable cornucopia.

But the horns of the cattle at the Cape are by no means so extraordinary as the tails of the sheep. Every one has heard of the immense tails of the Cape sheep, but the formation of them is not so well known. They consist of a mass of very nice, sweet fat, which is exceedingly useful for domestic purposes, and consequently is much prized by the Dutch. This mass varies in its weight from eight to even twenty-five pounds, but the average is about ten. The sheep are the *laticauda*, or broad-tailed kind.

The Table Cloth at the Cape.

There is a remarkable circumstance connected with the south-east wind at Cape Town, viz. the dense mantle of vapour which rests upon Table Mountain, and rushes over its precipitous sides like a cataract of foam or vapour. This peculiar appearance is called by the inhabitants the *Table-cloth*.

When a south-east wind, passing over the southern shores of the Cape, prevails sufficiently to surmount the Table Mountain, the first notice of the fact is a little mist floating as a cloud on a part of it about ten or eleven o'clock in the forenoon. By noon the mountain becomes fringed with dew; and half an

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hour after, a general obscuration takes place by the mist. In another half hour the little cleft between the Devil's Berg and the Table Mountain pours over the cloudy vapour; and at two the Devil's Berg is capped by the cloud. The table-cloth is now completely spread: the south-east wind, the progress of which had been thus arrested, now forces its way onwards and rushes down the mountain into Table Bay with the utmost violence, producing loud and terrific noises in its course and accompanied by a most curious exhibition; while the Table Mountain remains covered with the dense cloud, fragments of the vapour are torn from it by the force of the wind, and are hurried about the sides of the mountain, assuming a variety of fantastic shapes, and playing about the precipice according to the direction of the different currents of wind. This phenomenon lasts till about five in the afternoon, when a little clearing, which takes place on the western edge of the mountain, announces that the table-cloth is about to be folded up. By six or seven the clearance has considerably advanced; and by eight or nine every vestige of it is gone, and nothing is seen about the mountain but an ethereal sky and the twinkling stars.

Such is the curious phenomenon of the table-cloth at the Cape of Good Hope with the south-east wind; and even while this lasts throughout the night, it will disappear in the same manner. When this is the case, in the early part of the morning a little white cloud may be seen suspended like a canopy over the Table Mountain; at ten a little vapour begins to curl and play about the mountain, and precisely the same phenomenon takes place as before. We are here supposing that the south-east wind blows for two or three days at a time. At other times, when it is only of short duration, and in a hot clear day, the first symptom of this breeze is the vapour resting in little parcels on the mountain; and as these increase, so does the wind come on. But it is not till the mountain is completely covered that it forces its way with such violence down the precipice. By the evening, about nine, the table-cloth is gone, and with it the wind, and a beautiful calm and serene night ensues.

Visit to Napoleon's Grave.

Napoleon's grave is about four miles from James Town. Having gained the heights above the town, the traveller sees hill and dale before him. He shortly betakes himself to a road or pathway on the left, and descends to a deep glen, where the world's once imperial lord is shrouded in peaceful solitude. The immediate spot where lie his remains is at once conspicuous from a number of weeping willows. On approaching it, the first thing that occurred to me was, that it

was exactly such a place as I had pictured to my imagination as the grave of Abelard and Heloise. All concern for the celebrated lovers, however, was soon dispelled by the train of recollections which the scene brought to my mind.

Stranger, thy tread is on Empire's dust

An Earthquake's spoil lies sepulchred below!

Is the spot marked with no colossal bust?

Nor trophied column for triumphal show?

None!—but the moral thus is better told,

And better shows Ambition's littleness,—

for here in a little verdant dell, embosomed midst Nature's wildest scenes, lies all that remains of him that was once the proud arbiter of the fates of millions of his fellow-men. His grave is in the centre of a grass-plot, seventy yards in circumference, inclosed by a neat circular fence; the common slabs from the kitchen hearth at Longwood form his grave-stones, and an iron palisade surrounds it. The weeping willows, reclining on the palisades, droop gracefully over the little inclosure; but the "forget-me-not" planted by Madame Bertrand has completely withered and disappeared—faithful emblem of all earthly things. A sentry-box is placed at the gate of the fence, near to which is a small cottage, the residence of the sergeant who has the charge of the grounds. The remains of the warrior are secure enough, for extraordinary precautions have been taken to make them so. His coffin is doubly cased, and fixed by iron fastenings to the brickwork of the vault which contains it. The willows are objects of peculiar regard; whether it may proceed from the character of them, or the facility with which they can be obtained, I cannot say, but they are taken away piecemeal by every visitor, and are treasured like the relics of some holy shrine; and his eagerness to possess a slip of willow from the grave of Napoleon would long ago have annihilated them had not great pains been taken to preserve them, for few formerly ever left it without a sprig or cutting.

Near the base of the hill forming the side of the valley is a little fount of water; it is moss-grown and beset with brake and fern. The valley is adorned with wild flowers, among which the roses and geraniums bloom throughout the year, and mingle their delicious perfume. This was Napoleon's favourite resort; it was here that he used to delight in conversing with Madame Bertrand, or in listening to the gay prattle of her children, seated beneath the shade of these willows. The water of the brook was his favourite beverage; he used it daily, and when unwell was particularly solicitous to have it. He selected this place for his burying-ground should the British government not allow him to be conveyed to France for interment, and at his death the ground was purchased for 1,200*l*. A more retired or more tranquil spot could no where be found; and I loved to fre-

quent it for its rural beauty, and indulge in reverie on the worldly career of the hero who slept beneath its peaceful shades.

Daily pilgrimage is made to the tomb of Napoleon; and he who would point a moral on unrestrained ambition could have no better place for such a purpose than that which contains his ashes. The French still pay him the homage of their hearts, and, like the captives of Israel by the waters of Babylon, sit down and weep at his tomb. Though not a letter tells who sleeps below, his life is chronicled in history's page, and Fame has deeply engraven his name on her imperishable scroll. His simple grave transcends the lustre of eastern magnificence or the mummied treasures of pyramids. This island is his cemetery and a sepulchre of Nature's own, mocking the proudest monuments of art, or the trophied urns of power. Napoleon has here a catacomb to himself; the rocks are his sarcophagus, and their lofty peaks are the minarets of his mausoleum. The destroying hand of Time sweeps from their base the statues of men's hands; but the tomb of Napoleon will remain fixed in the ocean's bed to the end of time. He who of all earthly kings was once the mightiest, who wrested the broken diadem from monarchs' brows, who broke the sceptre of a long line of ancestry, and grasping at the empire of the world itself, fell from the giddy height, became a suppliant for mercy, and died a dependent exile!

Longwood, once the celebrated residence of the Emperor, was in a very dilapidated condition at the time of the Chanticleer's visit to St. Helena, and afforded in itself a good lesson of the mutability of all human affairs. The rooms which he occupied, which were once the state apartments of the fallen Emperor, were then filled by cowherds; and the whole suite of them were converted into barns and stables! Longwood once so celebrated, bears no vestige of its former splendour, and has sunk into complete neglect. On the walls may be seen numerous hieroglyphics, the sentimental effusions of its quondam visitors. Whether they are intended to do honour to their authors, or to laud the memory of its former occupant, I know not; but sportive vanity may possibly derive some gratification in associating its name with his by scrawling a humble tribute of admiration on a wall. The new house at Longwood is a respectable but useless structure, and this is even hastening to decay. But the vale of Longwood affords some fishing and shooting to amateur sportsmen, and it boasts, besides, some show in agriculture.

AN UNFORTUNATE MAN.
(By Captain Chamier, R.N.)

Banana's history was as follows. Early in life he had been sent to India, and there

joined one of the few houses of agency then existing in that country. His fortune was soon made, and he returned to England, having entirely withdrawn his name from the firm. At the expiration of three years he received the most pressing letters from his old partners, requesting him to return; mentioning that, since his withdrawal, the speculations had not answered, in short that, since his master-hand had retired, the other partners found themselves unable to conduct the business. The letter held out a tempting lure. They promised him eight thousand a year, without any risk of his own property. This last he instantly rejected; but like many men who have returned from that country, where money was dross, to live in England, where the tax-gatherer drained the reduced income, he still saw before him the pleasant scenes of his youth, his increased fortune and an occupation. He instantly resolved to return, and wrote to that effect, mentioning his intention of following his herald in two or three months at the farthest. In the mean time, that is, between the arrival of his letter and his appearance, the partners gave out that Mr Banana, tired of residing in England with so reduced an income, and finding himself but a grain as it were in the mountain, had resolved to return to India, and follow his old occupation. His known talents and attention to business soon gave a greater stability to the house. The natives had unbounded confidence in him, for he was a man of the strictest honour and probity; his word was his bond, from which he was never known to deviate, and not unfrequently produce to the amount of seventy thousand pounds had been entrusted to him, without any document having passed between the parties. His departure, like every thing he did, was hurried. He never had sufficiently considered what he had undertaken, and, when he arrived in India, on a close inspection of the accounts, he found the house in a state of insolvency. To have withdrawn instantly would have been to ensure its failure, and Banana had a heart too generous for that, and a head too clear to consider the business as desperate. He declared himself a partner in the concern, and was seen the next day at the house. He embarked his whole capital, and turned his attention to a speculation in opium with China. He saw the immense profits likely to accrue, and he seized the moment, when the house had recovered stability sufficient to enable him to undertake the voyage, to set the wheels in motion. He went and made his arrangements, and on his return found that one of his partners had retired to England, leaving his brother, a man no way calculated to forward the business, in his stead. In the mean time the senior partner became "righteous over-much;" which, with his con-

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science, two things which never troubled him much before, now began to assume some sway over him. He calculated that at the moment, if every creditor came for his own, some would be deficient. He thought he was acting dishonestly in continuing to receive when he had not enough to pay; and, in the terror of conscience, he betrayed the secret of the circumstances of the house, under a most sacred promise, of course, that it should be a secret. No one keeps a secret. We always manage to hint that we know something. Curiosity probes to find it out, and not unfrequently succeeds. A drunkard should never be trusted. Who knows not the old saying "in vino veritas." A man might as well expect to walk the first time of trial in security on stilts, over smooth ice, as for a drunkard to be consistent. If the partner, like young ladies who first have particular proposals made to them, told one and then another of his sex, we know not; but the secret did escape. The buzz of uncertainty only rendered the concern open to more conjecture and comment; and one fine morning, when Banana went to the house, he found the different clerks and people connected with the establishment waiting for admission. His surprise was great when he heard from strangers that the house had failed. He never had been apprized of the religious man's intention, and in the midst of his most flattering dreams as to the realization of property by the speculation before referred to, he found himself a bankrupt; his every farthing gone; his years of toil and honesty useless; his time, his fortune, and, by some, his reputation lost. In vain he challenged scrutiny; it is needless when once the docket is struck. A banker's establishment, like a woman's virtue, is ruined, if it is suspected. Cæsar's wife and the assets of the house must be beyond suspicion. Banana was ruined in all but energy and health. The accounts were wound up, the certificate was granted, and our curious friend had once more to begin life. His mercantile knowledge soon got him employment. By degrees he worked up the hill until he found himself sufficiently strong to settle in Java. His honesty, his probity, his candour were proverbial. He soon began to grow great in the world's eye, and in ten years' time he had become an affluent man. Knowing the changes and chances of this mortal life, he resolved not to give fortune an opportunity of playing him any more tricks. He remitted his wealth in produce to England, and embarked on board a ship called the Frederick, to return to his native island. The ship sailed from Samarang, and was to touch at Batavia. On her passage, Banana found his mind oppressed with some uncommon presages of a dismal kind. His produce had sailed long before him in other ships. He

felt uneasy, and heard the warning voice of fate in his dreams. Startled at the frequent repetition of his nightly fears, he left the Frederick on her arrival at Batavia, and shipped himself on board of another vessel. He sailed, arrived safely in Portsmouth; but from that day to this the Frederick has never been heard of. It is supposed that she either upset, for she was a crank ship, or that she foundered. Years have now elapsed, the insurance has been paid, but no intelligence has whispered the fate of the unfortunate ship. Banana, when agitated by some imaginary misfortune, frequently says: "I am the most unfortunate man in the world, or I should have sunk with the Frederick."

The Public Journals.

THE HUGUENOT'S FAREWELL.—BY MRS.

HEMANS.

I STAND upon the threshold stone
Of mine ancestral hall;
I hear my native river moan;
I see the night o'er my old forests fall.
I look round on the darkening vale,
That saw my childhood's plays;
The low wind in its rising wail
Hath a strange tone, a sound of other days.
But I must rule my swelling breast:
A sign is in the sky;
Bright o'er yon grey rock's eagle nest
Shines forth a warning star—it bids me fly.
My father's sword is in my hand,
His deep voice haunts mine ear;
He tells me of the noble band,
Whose lives have left a brooding glory here.
He bids their offspring guard from stain
Their pure and lofty faith;
And yield up all things, to maintain
The cause, for which they girt themselves to death.
And I obey.—I leave their towers!
Unto the stranger's tread;
Unto the creeping grass and flowers:
Unto the fading pictures of the dead.
I leave their shields to slow decay,
Their banners to the dust;
I go, and only bear away
Their old, majestic name,—a solemn trust!
I go up to the ancient hills,
Where chains may never be,
Where leap in joy the torrent rills,
Where man may worship God, alone and free.
There shall an altar and a camp
Impregantly arise;
There shall be lit a quenchless lamp,
To shine, unwavering, through the open skies.
And song shall midst the rocks be heard,
And fearless prayer ascend;
While, thrilling to God's holy word,
The mountain pines in adoration bend.
And there the burning heart no more
Its deep thought shall suppress,
But the long buried truth shall pour
Free currents thence, amidst the wilderness.
Then fare thee well, my mother's bower,
Farewell, my father's hearth;
Perish, my home! where lawless power
Hath rent the tie of love to native earth.
Perish! let deathlike silence fall
Upon the lone abode;
Spread fast, dark ivy, spread thy pall:—
I go up to the mountains, with my God.
Blackwood's Magazine.

LE PÈRE GORIOT.—A TRUE PARISIAN TALE
OF THE YEAR 1830.

In the Rue Neuve St. Genevieve is situated the house of Madame Vauquer. Over its *port cocher*, the passer-by may see written, in large letters, "MAISON VAUQUER," and immediately underneath, "pension bourgeoise pour les deux sexes et autres." The street falls just at this place into the Rue des Bourguignons, but, by a descent so sudden and rapid that carriages rarely pass that way. This circumstance adds to the silence which reigns perpetually over the narrow and close-crowded streets or lanes, which choke up both space and air between the dome of the Val de Grace and the dome of the Pantheon. This region, though in the neighbourhood of thronged and busy quarters, appears by some invisible line to be marked and separated from them. One no sooner enters it, than one feels one's self away, far away, out of the bustle of a great city, and plunged at once into a profound, solemn, sombre retreat. Such is the fitting scene of the tale which we are about to relate; or, to speak more correctly and modestly, of the sombre and touching incident we are about to record.

We will not here describe the *pension* of Madame Vauquer: it would merit a chapter apart. It was one of those decayed, decrepit establishments which are only to be found in Paris, and are there numerous; a sort of hospital for broken-down fortunes, where the worsted veterans of the world retire to hide, and, if possible, to forget, their defeats; voluntarily to entomb hope, and to subsist upon such damaged shows of well-being as economy can wrest from resigned poverty. Occasionally, however, a stray student, too poor to procure elsewhere a decent shelter, may be found in these vaults of the living.

It is necessary to say a word or two of the mistress of the establishment to which we at present allude. She was, at the time referred to, a woman of about fifty years of age, and bore a faint resemblance to that numerous class of ancient dames who have seen better days. Her glassy eye and physiognomy, neutral betwixt innocence and guilt, spoke her plainly to belong to the debatable ground between them,—ready to do anything to better her condition. Nevertheless, she was a good sort of woman at bottom, said her lodgers, with whom she coughed, complained, scolded, grunted, talked scandal, and was consoled thereby, in concert, and so had all their sympathies. Her husband, she said, had lost all his fortune in commercial speculations—he had used her very ill—he had left her only eyes to weep, and her house to support her—she had suffered all that human nature could suffer, and so was exempted from the duty of feeling for any misfortune but her own.

At the period at which this little story commences, (1830,) this dame had several domesticated lodgers, whereof it is needful here to make mention only of two. The first was a student. In this class of customers Madame Vauquer had little pleasure. They paid usually but seventy francs per month for their board and lodging, and ate, she thought, too much bread; in both of which particulars Eugene Rastignac had incurred her severe displeasure. He was a young man from the environs of Angoulême, and had come to Paris to study the law. His family was noble, but so poor that they submitted to many privations in order to allow him 1200 francs yearly, which was necessary for his maintenance in Paris. Eugene was in person decidedly handsome. His countenance spoke of the southern provinces; his complexion was clear, his hair black, his eyes blue. His manners and deportment did not belie his noble extraction; and, amidst all the depressions of poverty, there was an aristocratic ambition and elevation in his views and pretensions. If, on ordinary days, his vestments were somewhat worn, and negligently put on, he could sometimes display the toilet of an elegant young man. Habitually he wore an old surtout, a waistcoat which had seen service, a tarnished black cravat, tied, or rather knotted, after the fashion of students, pantaloons somewhat bare, and boots which had been resoled, or fronted, as the case might be.

But the principal personage of this little history is the Père Goriot. He had been a lodger with Madame Vauquer since 1814, having then first retired from business. He had paid 1600 francs a year for his entertainment, and seemed to think a few coins more or less a trifle beneath his consideration. At this period he was called, respectfully, Monsieur Goriot. His well-furnished wardrobe, the massive pieces of plate and abundance of trinkets he possessed, inspired universal respect and homage. His appearance, though his manners were almost most humble, denoted a man in easy, and even affluent, circumstances. He wore habitually a blue coat of fine cloth; a clean, white waistcoat, changed daily, protected amply the upper region of his rotund and "prominent stomach, over which dangled a heavy chain of gold, to which were suspended rings and seals of great value; a diamond pin served him for a shirt button, and the golden snuff-boxes, some of which were inlaid with precious stones, captivated the benevolence and esteem of all who had the privilege of taking a pinch therefrom.

But times changed with Monsieur Goriot. His precious superfluities gradually disappeared. Towards the end of the second year, he begged to be lodged on the second floor, and to have his rent reduced to 1200 francs.

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So strict an economy had become necessary, that he would have no fire in his room during the winter. The widow Vauquer asked to be paid in advance, which was done, and from this time she called her lodger *le Père Goriot*. The rich merchant had now become, in the opinion of his fellow lodgers, little better than a rogue, a swindler, a man of mysterious means. No one knew who or what he was. His taking up his abode in such a house with his former wealth was unaccountable; his sudden poverty equally so. In fact, the very worst suspicions and conjectures were entertained of him, and his silence, his humility, the patience with which he bore all taunts and insults, invited to their repetition, and made him an object of real aversion to the whole house. But this aversion went not so far as to cause his banishment; he paid his rent, and besides, was useful as an object on whom every one might exonerate his ill humour, or sharpen his wit.

But the opinion of this unhappy old man, which appeared the most probable, and was generally adopted, was one suggested by Madame Vauquer, who had her own private motives for whetting the ill will of others against him; viz., that whilst she believed him wealthy, she had set her widow's cap at him, and met with a prompt and decided repulse. According to her, the *Père Goriot* was an old libertine of the most depraved tastes; and it was on the following facts that the widow grounded her suspicions.

A few months previous to his reduction of his expenditure, and before she had risen from her bed, the widow had heard, one morning, upon the stairs, the rustling of a silk robe, and the light step of a young female, who went straight to the door of Monsieur Goriot, which was left, it appeared, purposely open. Immediately afterwards, the house wench, Salope, came to tell her mistress, that a girl, too pretty to be modest, had slipped, like an eel, from the street into the kitchen, and asked for the apartment of Monsieur Goriot. Madame Vauquer and her cookmaid thereupon set themselves immediately to listen, and overheard some words tenderly pronounced during the visit, which lasted some time. When Monsieur Goriot conducted *his lady*, (as they called her,) to the door, Salope took her basket, feigning a mission to market, that she might follow the amorous couple.

"Oh Madame!" said she on her return, "old Goriot must be finely rich for all that, to carry it on so; for, at the corner of the street, there was a splendid equipage which the lady got into."

At dinner, the house dame was determined, if possible, to get into the secret.

"You are beloved, it seems, by the ladies," said she, "Monsieur Goriot; and, parbleu!

it must be confessed that your taste is good, for your fair visitant of this morning was beautiful as an angel."

"It was my daughter," replied the old man, his countenance lit up with an expression of pride; but the lodgers, like lodgers in a Parisian boarding house, were too vicious to give credence to his words.

A short time afterwards, Monsieur Goriot received another visit from another beautiful female, of much too distinguished an air, concluded and firmly believed the lodgers, to be his daughter. These two ladies, coming sometimes of an evening, and sometimes in a morning, being always differently dressed, and but indistinctly seen, were converted by the malicious gossip, and corrupted imaginations of the boarders, into dozens of females.

"What, another!" cried Salope, every time she opened the door to these visitants, and the words were echoed through the house. Now, although the widow saw nothing extraordinary in Monsieur Goriot's conduct whilst he paid 1600 francs for his maintenance, her virtue took instantly the alarm when he paid but 1200, and she questioned him insolently upon the visits he received.

"They are only from my daughters," replied the old man.

"What! have you then a dozen daughters?" retorted the widow, tauntingly.

"I have only two," returned the lodger, with the humility of a ruined man, submitting quietly, with a broken spirit, to all spurs and indignities.

"Daughters indeed!" was the rejoinder.

Towards the end of the third year, the *Père Goriot* again reduced his expenses, and ascended to the third story; paying only seventy francs a month for his entertainment. At the same time he discontinued to take snuff, and went with his hair unpowdered. His countenance, which secret sorrow seemed to sadden more and more every day, took a desolate and disconsolate cast; he became thin; his old clothes hung loosely about him; his forehead became doubly wrinkled; his features angular and fleshless; his eyes dull and sunken. To some he inspired horror, to others pity.

One evening after dinner, Madame Vauquer, addressing him in a mocking tone, said, "How is it, *Père Goriot*, that your daughters come no more to see you?"

The old man started at the question, as if he had been burnt with a hot iron, and replied, with an accent full of emotion, "They come sometimes;" upon which brutal laughs and jests circulated round the board, but the old man heard them not; he seemed to be sunk in an incurable senile sorrow and discouragement, and heeded naught. The lodgers, however, it must be confessed, did not know the extent of their cruelty.

The reasoning of their hostess had prevailed with them.

"If," said she, "the Père Goriot had daughters as rich as these ladies appear to be who came to see him, he would not be in my house on a third floor, paying seventy francs a month, and clothed little better than a beggar." Yet, in spite of this excuse, one must have lived in a French boarding house, and have become, by frequent intercourse, acquainted with the indecency and corruption of the French mind, to understand how such premises, as we have hinted at, could possibly exist! What is related here, nevertheless, is *all true*.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Gatherer.

Sir Robert Walpole, when minister, wished to gain the support of a nobleman distinguished for his talents and opposition to him. He called on him, and, in the king's name, assured him of the high opinion his Majesty had of his abilities, and his regret that as yet he had done nothing for him; at the same time he offered him a place of considerable honour and emolument. "Before I reply," said the nobleman, "favour me with your company at supper." A chicken and a boiled leg of mutton having been served up, off which the nobleman had dined, "See," said he, "think you that the man who is content with such fare as this, be one whom the court by patronage can gain. This is my answer; tell the King what you have seen."

S. T. B.

American Churchwarden's Orthography.

—In the records of King's Chapel, Boston, are the following:—"1697. Whitsunday, Paid Mr. Coyneyball for buying and carting Pores, and hanging the Duores, 8s."

Dec. 20. Paid for a Stone Gug Clark Hill broak, 6s."

"Christmas Day, Paid for Bread and Wine at the Sacramant, 12s."

"March 29, 1698. Paid Mr. Shelson for his Loucking after the Boyes, 1l."

King's Speech.—The following outline of a royal speech, made in the year 993, is given by Mr. Turner in his *History of the Anglo-Saxons*:—"The King says, in a charter which recites what had passed at one of the witenagemots, 'I benignantly addressed to them salutary and pacific words, I admonished all—that those things which were worthy of the Creator, and serviceable to the health of my soul, or my royal dignity, and which should prevail as proper for the English people, they might, with the Lord's assistance, discuss in common.'"

On the occasion of the ceremony of his Majesty opening the session of Parliament,

the Lord Chancellor bears the purse; the Premier, the sword of state; and the Lord Steward, the sceptre and the cap of maintenance.

Royal Education.—The Emperor of Morocco's sons are brought up in the following singular manner:—As soon as they are born, the Emperor sends for a Moor of fortune, and delivers his son to him, to bring him up as his own. The child does not see his father again till he is twelve years old. The Moor to whose care he has been delivered, is then ordered to bring him to court, where he is examined by a council respecting the Koran, laws of the country, &c.; and upon this examination depends the fate of the Moor. If the Emperor approves of the education of his son, the foster-father's fortune is made; if not, he is immediately cut to pieces in the Emperor's presence.

W. G. C.

The House of Commons.—Henry VIII. addressed the Commons of England by the appellation of *brutes*. The same Commons were peevishly designated by James I. as *kings*: when informed of the approach of a committee of the House of Commons, James ordered twelve chairs to be brought; "for," said he, "there are twelve kings a-coming." Such was the progress of the people of England in wealth, as well as in cultivation, that, according to Hume, the House of Commons, about two centuries since, or in 1628, was three times as rich as the House of Lords.

Rare Accomplishments.—A gentleman observed to Henry, Prince of Prussia, that it was very rare to find genius, wit, memory, and judgment united in the same person. "Surely there is nothing astonishing in this," replied the Prince. "Genius takes his daring flight towards heaven—he is the eagle; wit moves along by fits and starts—he is the grasshopper; memory marches backwards—he is the crab; judgment drags slowly along—he is the tortoise. How can you expect that all these animals should move in unison?"

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